

a bit of light for the toad:

friend, I thought you understood that the parties were for her, not me.

I dislike parties, you see I am not too happy with the human race

I've been crowded in with them for years in roominghouses, jails, railroad track gangs, the L.A. Country General Hospital, the slaughterhouses and the factories and the warehouses, I've seen plenty of the crowd...

but she's country, she likes people, she likes to dance and flirt and be happy, play a bit of the sexpot...

she finds all manners of interesting things in people that I find to be just simple state old shit or just a drag-down come-on...

but I lived with her and loved her, anyhow, I understood that there was a 20 year's difference between us on viewpoint and experience so I made certain sacrifices

one of them being "the party" ...

and for her there always seemed a reason for a party: New Year's or a housewarming or her first book, so I handed her a list of names and I said, "Here, you call them. They're your friends, not mine."

by that I meant that she would enjoy them, I wouldn't.

the list contained editors, professors and tenth-rate writers who had pushed their way through my door. and there are tenth-rate writers, toad, plenty of them and they live in Los Angeles and in Hollywood and all over the world, even in Long Beach, California. the parties, the meetings are for her, I don't want these I don't need these.

when the boy from your English class danced cheek to cheek with her when nobody else was dancing

that was for her, not for me;

when she got kissed under the stairway by the nice guy who had been good enough to drive the mimeo editor and his wife all the way to the party from Frisco that was for her, not for me;

when I sat there and she sculpted your head making you look like a Greek god

that was for her (and you) not for me.

take Neeli. when he comes on with that Groucho Marx shot that you can smell coming and you can smell long after it has left

she sits there and giggles and laughs,

"O, he's so funny, he's truly comic, I like Neeli."

well, she likes to be entertained and Neeli entertains her.



I like to be entertained too  
but Neeli is not for  
me.

these are parties where there are ten men to every  
woman. the men either don't have any women or  
have enough sense to leave their own  
at home. these are parties where the human spirit  
hardly emerges as something redeemable.  
these are parties where if you called these people  
"friends" you'd truly be considered  
idiotic -- friends don't try to put the make on your  
girlfriend even when she has a nature  
that either consciously or unconsciously lures them  
to do it.

you tell me that I demonstrate a need for such people;  
I tell you that these parties are for her,  
not me.

at the last one when the music started and the games  
began I quietly took a keg of beer and walked out  
into the backyard and sat under a tree and drank my  
beer and let all those in there work upon  
each other.

I have always been a loner, toad.  
it's stuck deep down by the bellybutton,  
it will never change.

that I'm not as good as I think,  
as you charge,  
that's possible,  
and that I've been writing a lot of beery crap  
lately,  
that's possible.  
perhaps I have slipped, people do  
slip...

but, toad, don't put me down as wanting those  
parties,  
I may not be as good as Ernie like you claim,  
but the parties are for her  
not me --  
let's get that straight and keep that  
straight...  
you like to talk the football lingo:

I'm sorry I grabbed at your face mask, Scibelli,  
I thought it was your  
soul.

p.s. -- o yes, meanwhile, to keep you up to date:  
the lady and I no longer live



together. she has her parties  
and I have  
myself. I read her this poem and she got  
mad. she said, "People are going to think  
you no longer see me." o.k., people, I  
still see her but it's one on  
one. o.k., toad, and thanks for the postcard  
from Paris.

#### demise

the son of a bitch  
was one of those soft left wing guys  
belly like butter who  
lived in a big house, he  
was a businessman  
and he told  
her:  
"he'll be your  
demise."

imagine anybody saying  
that: "demise."

we drove in from the track,  
she'd lost \$57 and she said:  
"you'd better stop for something to  
drink."

she wore an old army jacket  
and when I came out with the bottle  
she took the cap off  
and took a straight swallow right down --  
a longshoreman's suicide gulp  
tilting her head back under dark glasses.

my god, I thought.

a nice country girl like that  
who loves to dance.

her 4 mad sisters will never forgive me  
and that soft left wing son of a bitch  
with a belly like butter (in that big  
house) was  
right.

-- Charles Bukowski

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